

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS,
CONTAINING

- 1 The old Ram of Derby.
- 2 The Soldier's Adieu.
- 3 Sir James the Rose.



The old Ram of Derby.

AS I was going to Derby
All on a market day,
I saw the finest Ram, fir,
That ever was fed on hay.

fal lal.

The Butcher that killed this Ram, fir,
Was drowned in his blood,
And the boy that held the bowl, fir,
Was driven away with the flood,

fal lal.

The head of this said Ram, fir,
Served fifty thousand men,
It served them over and over,
And ten times over again.

fal lal.

The horns that grew on his head, fir,
Was fifty cubits high,
Where the eagles built their nest, fir,
For I heard the young ones cry.

fal lal.

The little boys in Derby
Sent to me for his two eyes,
For to kick them about the street,
For they were of a foot-ball size.

fal lal.



The beard of this said Ram, fir,
 Was an hundred yards long and an ell,
 And it was carried to Derby,
 For to ring the marker bell.

fal la.

The back-bone of this ram, fir,
 Made a mainmast for a ship,
 And they carried more upon it,
 Than all the English fleet.

fal la.

The wool that grew on his belly, fir,
 Hung dangling to the ground,
 And it was sold in Derbyshire,
 For fifty thousand pounds,

fal la.

The wool that grew on his tail, fir,
 Was sold for as much more,
 And the tanner that tanned his hide, fir,
 Was never after poor.

fal la.

Now Gentlemen and Ladies,
 If you think I tell a lie,
 You may go now to Derby;
 And you'll see it as well as I.

fal la.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee,

Remember thou art a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee :
 What though by duty I am called,
 Were thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where valour's self might stand appalled,
 Why on the wings of thy dear love
 To heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender prayer
 Thou put'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down
 To watch me in the battle.
 My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving ;
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assured when on the wings of love
 To heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender prayer
 Thou put'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.
 Enough, with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred god inspired thee,
 Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admired thee :
 I go, assured, my live, adieu,
 Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Though murdering carnage stalk in view,

When on the wings of thy true love
 To heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender prayer
 Thou put'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

Sir James The Rose.

DID you hear of Sir James the Rose,
 That young heir of Belichan,
 He has kill'd a gallant 'squire.
 Who was sent out to take him.

He's gone to the house of Marr,
 Where the nurse she was his layman,
 To see his dear he did repair,
 Thinking she would befriend him.

Where are you going, Sir James, she says,
 Or where are you a riding,
 I am going to some land,
 For I am under hiding.

Where must I go, were shall I turn,
 Where shall I run to hide me,
 For I have kill'd a gallant 'squire,
 And his friends are out to take me,

Go you down to yon ale-house
 There you'll stay till the dawning,
 And if I be a woman true,
 I'll come and pay your lawing.

I'll not go to yon ale-house,
 To stay until the dawning,
 Now if you be a woman true,
 To come and pay the lawing.

He's turn'd himself quite round about,
 And row'd himself in his brichan,
 And he is gone to take asleep,
 In the Lowlands of Belichan.

He was not quite out of sight.
 Till four and twenty belted knights
 Riding in gold and silver bright,
 Came riding o'er Belichan.

O did you see Sir James the Rose,
 He passed by here on Monday,
 His steed was swift that he rode on,
 And past the gates of London.

Just as they were going away,
 They thought no more upon him,
 O if you want Sir James the Rose,
 I'll tell you where you'll find him.

You'll seek the bank above the mill,
 And the Lowlands of Belichan,
 There you'll find Sir James the Rose
 Lying sleeping in his brichan.

They sought the bank above the mill,
 And the Lowlands of Belichan,
 And there they found Sir James the Rose,
 Lying sleeping in his brichan.

You must not wake him from his sleep,
 Nor yet must you affright him,
 But in his breast must run a dart,
 And thro' the body pierce him.

Then up bespoke Sir James the Graham,
 Who had the charge in keeping,
 Let it ne'er be said dear gentlemen,
 We kill'd a man a sleeping.

They have taken from him sword and
 target,
 And closely him surrounded,
 But when he wakened out of sleep,
 His senses was confounded.

Pardon, pardon, gentlemen
 And now have mercy on me,
 Such as you give such shall you have,
 And so shall fall upon you.

Donald my man wait me upon,
 Until I be a dead man,
 You'll get my hose likewise my shoes.
 Likewise my Highland brichan.

You shall have my watch and diamond
 ring,

If you'll carry me to Loughargan,
 Now they have taen out his bleeding heart,
 And fetched it on a spear man.

And locked it to the Marr,
 A present to his dear,

But when she saw his bleeding heart,
She ran like one distracted.

She wrung her hands and smote her breast,
O what have I done what have I acted,
Curs'd be the day I you betrayed,
Thou brave Knight of Briclàn.

Up she rose and forth she goes,
And in that fatal hour,
Her body by him was borne away,
And never was heard tell of.



F I N I S.

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